

Little Orphant Annie.

Little orphant Annie's come to our house to stay,
To wash the cups and saucers up, and brush the crumbs away,
And shoo- the chickens off the perch, and dust the hearth and sweep,
And make the fire and bake the bread, and earn her board and keep.
And all us other children when the supper things are done
We set around the kitchen fire and has the mostest fun
A-listenin' to the witch tales 'at Annie tells about
An' the goblins 'at git you ef you don't watch out.

An' onct there was a little girl/ boy 'at wouldn't say his prayers/
An' w'en he went to bed at night away up stairs,
His mammy heerd him holler an' his daddy heerd him bawl,
An' when they turned the kivers down he wasn't there at all.
An' they seeked him in the cubby-hole, an' rafter-room and press,
An' seeked him up the chimley flue an' everywheres I guess,
Bot all they ever found of him, was jut his pants an' roundabout
An' the goblins'll git you ef you don't watch out.

An' onct there was a little girl 'at wouldn't/ would always laugh an' grin,
An' make fun of every-one and all her blood and kin,
An' onct when there was company an' old folks was there,
She mocked 'em an' she shocked 'em, an' she said she didn't care.
An' jist as she kicked her heels an' turned to run and hide,
There were two great big black things a'standin' by her side,
An' they snatched her through the ceilin' 'fore she knowed what she's about
An' the gblins'll git you ef you don't watch out.

An' little orphant Annie says when the blaze is blue
An' the lamp wick sputters and the wind goes woo--
An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the moon is grey--
An' the lightin' bugs in dew is all squenched away
You had better mind your parents, and your teachers fond and dear,
And cherish them 'at loves you, an' dry the orphant's tear
An' help the poor and needy ones 'at clusters all about,
Or the goblins'll git you ef you don't watch out.

11

All morning there had been
a great gathering of people
outside the gate of Mr
Nelsons home. It was the
day on which Mr Nelson
was to be - as they say -
buried, the funeral coach
came, the coach followed
by a few others to the
road to the Westminter
of Washington where in
Jamaican phrase the funeral

I was to be and in a
moment - all seemed
silent and deserted - The
home on S. Street.

The home was not deserted
for in that room still lingered

The spirit of Mr. Wilson

~~He~~ ^{He} moved about, old age

and the feebleness that illness
had produced had fallen

away - This is what is meant
by death - to such as he

and the great company ^{waiting}

⁴His eyes became again
those of the eagle, He rose
and not a moment did
he remain within the house
for golden lie the meadows
golden run the streams
and the fields and the
valleys shout to him golden
shouts. He flung open the
door, as they knew he
would do who were awaiting
him and he stood there
looking at them a general

5 Reviewing his troops
The men saluted -
When a great man dies
The immortals await him
He looked up and his
peers - they were all young
like himself, one detached
himself from the rest - He was
the late President Mr. Hayes
Crying gloriously - Here
The fellow I have been
telling you about. Lincoln

6 O young Mariner
You from the Laven
Under the Sea Cliff
You that - are watching
The gray Magician
With eyes of wonder
~~With eyes of wonder~~
And I am dying
Who follow the Gleam
And so to the Lands last Hunt ^{I came}
And can no longer
But die refusing
And can no longer

but the reproving
For this the magic of the night
Who taught me in childhood
There on the border
Of boundless ocean
And all but in Heaven
Hovers the gleam
Not of the sunlight
Not of the moonlight -
Not of the daylight -
Even the margin
Aflin follow it
Follow the gleam

In Flanders Field

In Flanders Field the poppies blow
Between the crosses row on row
That mark our place and in the sky
The larks still bravely singing fly
Scarce heard amidst the guns below

We are the dead, short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow
Loved and were loved and now we lie
In Flanders Field

Take up our quarrel with the foe
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch, be ~~you~~ ^{you} to hold it high
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep though poppies grow
In Flanders Field

MARGARET

A lily in its static purity,
Wooded a warm rose, unfolding hues of dawn.
Under the soft spell of the vernal moon,
A fairy priest performed the mystic rites
Merging the twain, —and to their love was born
A spirit child, an angel-wonder child,
Cradled among the petals of the rose.

* * * * *

Autumn, despoiler of the garden home,
Scattered the rose leaves, laid the lily low!
Then loving fairies took the spirit child,
Gave her blue eyes and hair of sunset gold,
Gave her soft dimples and pink baby toes;
And while I slept they laid her on my breast, —
A lily soul, a rose heart, — Margaret.

LIFE

Youth met me on the highway and said, "You are seeking life? Come this way the path leads. Here is joy, untouched by knowledge of succeeding pain; here is love, undimmed by the certainty of future partings; here is faith, untarnished by the memory of broken pledges. Here, my child, is life." But though the valley through which Youth led me was massed with blossoming shrubbery and filled with the songs of birds, my heart was not at rest and I eagerly pressed on.

Maturity met me on the highway and said, "You are seeking life? Come this way the path leads.... Here is disillusionment that leaves truth naked to the seeking soul; here is achievement, bought of midnight sweat and anguished hungering; here is power, daughter of achievement. Here, my child, is life." But though I followed my guide carefully up the ever-narrowing path, my heart was not at rest and I eagerly pressed on.

Age met me on the highway and said, "You are seeking life? Come this way the path leads.... Here is sorrow whose tears clear the vision of the world; here is pain, that drives the spirit in on God; here is loneliness that draws the companionship of angels. Here, my Child, is life." But the hill top, over which I followed Age, was wind-swept and bleak and I eagerly pressed on.

Then Death stepped out in front of me and said, "You are seeking me?" "No, No," I cried, "I am seeking life. Life, not death is my quest. Let me be gone! I must find it!" Gently Death placed his hands upon my shoulders and slowly turning me about pointed along the path whence I had come, — over the hills of age, down the steep of maturity and into the valley of Youth. "Life?" he said, — "Look! You have just passed through it!"

Written because I must write, for my own
peace of mind, even though what I write
may interest no one but myself.

With love,

Mona Walter Agnew.

1078 Laurel Ave,
Akron, Ohio

The Margaret Eaton School of Literature and Expression

If thou of Fortune be bereft
And in thy store there be but left
Two loaves, sell one
And with the dole
Buy hyacinths to feed thy soul.

James Jerry White

Haunting power of music
Song that followed me
Womens Musical Club.

Preli who are the Emancipators
King George of Greece.

The House Beautiful

A naked house - a naked moor
A shivering pool before the door
A garden bare of flowers and fruit
And poplars at the garden foot
Such is the place that I live in
Bleak without and bare within

In these lines we find simple
conceptions given without atmosphere
or without any feeling of connection
with other objects -

In the next few lines observe that the
very same objects are taken up
under the dominion of the imagination -
Pictures of the simplest and plainest objects
are filled by the imagination with all
the beauty of light and atmosphere

In the first part the house and objects
are given literally.

In the second place we have their fellowships
with the sun and sky with wind & weather
Things are painted as they exist in
nature so contrast method no 1 with method
no 2

Yet shall your ragged moor receive the
incomparable pomp of eve
And the cold glances of the dawn
Behind your shivering trees be drawn

and when the wind from place to place
doth - the unmoored cloud galleons chase
your garden gloom and gleam again
with leaping sun with dancing rain
The shall the wizard moon ascend the
heaven, in the crimson end of days
declining splendours; here the army
of the stars appear.

The neighbor hollows dry or wet -
Spring shall with richer flowers best
and soft the morning never see
Sinks rising from the hoary sea
and every fairy wheel and thread of
cobweb dries - bediamonded.

When dawns so shall winter time
silence the simple grass with rime
Autumnal frosts enshroud the pool
and make the earth into beautiful.

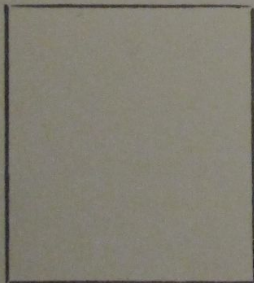
And when snow - bright - the moon expands
how shall your children clap their hands!
To make this earth one hermitage
A cheerful and a pleasant place
ends bright and intricate device
Of days and seasons doth suffice

The Higher Pantheism

The sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills and the plains—
Are not these, O Soul, the vision of Him who reigns?
Is not the vision He? Tho' He be not that which He seems?
Dreams are true while they last, and do we not live in dreams?
Earth, these solid stars, this weight of body and limb,
Are they not sign and symbol of thy division from Him?
Dark is the world to thee: thyself art the reason why;
For is He not all but that which has power to feel 'I am I'?
Glorious about thee, without thee, and thou fulfillest thy doom
Making Him broken gleams, and a stilled splendour and gloom.
Speak to Him thou for He hears, and Spirit with Spirit can meet
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet.
God is law, say the wise; O Soul, and let us rejoice,
For if He thunder by law the thunder is yet His voice (over)

Law is God, say some: no God at all, says the fool;
For all we have power to see is a straight staff bent in a pool,
And the ear of man cannot hear, and the eye of man cannot see;
But if we could see and hear, this vision — were it not He?

PRIVATE POST CARD



Grant I have mastered learning's crabbed text,
Still there's the comment.
Let me know all! Prate not of most or least.
Painful or easy:
Even to the crumbs I'd fain eat up the feast,
Ay, nor feel queasy"
Oh, such a life as he resolved to live,
When he had learned it,
When he had gathered all books had to give:
Sooner, he spurned it.
Yes, this in him was the peculiar grace,
That before living he'd learn how to live -
No end to learning:
Earn the means first, - God surely will contrive
Use for our earning.
Others mistrust and say, "But time escapes:
Live now or never!"
He said, "What's time? Leave now for dogs and apes:
Man has forever."
Was it not great? Did not he throw on God,
(He loves the burthen) -
God's task to make the heavenly period
Perfect the earthen?
Did not he magnify the mind, show clear
Just what it all meant?
He would not discount life, as fools do here,
Paid by instalment.
He ventured neck or nothing - heaven's success
Found, or earth's failure:
Wilt thou trust death or not? He answered "Yes."
Hence with life's pale lure!
That low man seeks a little thing to do,
Sees it and does it:
This high man, with a great thing to pursue,
Dies ere he knows it.
That low man goes on adding one to one,
His hundred's soon hit:
This high man, aiming at a million,
Misses an unit.
That has the world here - should be need the next,
Let the world mind him!
This, throws himself on God, and unperplexed
Seeking shall find him.
Well, here's the platform, here's the proper place:
Hail to your purlieus,
All ye highfliers of the feathered race,
Swallows and curlews!
Here's the top-peak; the multitude below
Live, for they can, there:
Here - here's his place, where meteors shoot, clouds form,
Lightnings are loosened,
Stars come and go: Let joy break with the storm.
Peace let the dew send:
Lofty designs must close in like effects:
Loftily lying,
Leave him - still loftier than the world suspects,
Living and dying."

81

Students, this is my tribute to our dead master, written by the master hand of Browning. This great man believed in this school, he said we were ahead of our time, so we look for great things from a School, the gift of one of Canada's greatest men, cradled in the church nearby, and fathered by a Scholar. It is yours to uphold our ideals, and to dignify in your life your Alma Mater.

Emma Scott Nasmith,
Principal.

52

As I would not be a Slave
So I would not be a
Master. — This expresses
my idea of Democracy
which differs from that
in the United States
in the extent of the difference
is no democracy.

Triumphant beginning
of Pippa Passes -
a glorious outburst of
light color and splendor
Impassioned and
rushing, the very up-
sweeping of Apollo's head
behind his furious
shield -

It begins with the word
like a single stroke
on the song of nature
it continues till the
sky and the world
below is flooded with
an ocean of gold -

But then unless we find joy and
submit to those limitations and
work within them, life is useless
But while we work within them
we see beyond them an elusive
land and thirst for it -

The most important part of any
study of Literature must be a
detailed and loving acquaintance
with a number of good books.

Handful - Candy - Spiced -
- - - - -
- - - - -

- 06-08

Browning - There is that
within us which is always
endeavouring to transcend those
limitations and which believe
in their final dispersal
This aspiration seen to something
higher than any possible attainment
upon earth - It is never worn out,
it is the divine in us and
when it seems to decay God
renews it by spiritual influences
from without and within
Coming to us from Nature as seen
by us
from humanity as felt by us
and from God who dwells in us 1863

Francois Kachelais

1483 - 1553 a

francois Kachelais
humorous and
satirical hence
characterized by
grotesque humor
and coarse satire
as Kachelaisian humor

To dear Emily
with Celia's love

Mrs. Nelson
Miss Webb

11.2



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